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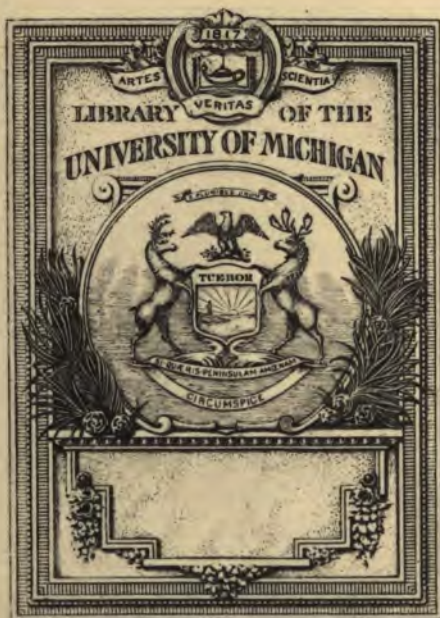
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With Illustrations in Verse
By the Rev. George Treby, A. M.

GEMS,
PRINCIPALLY FROM THE ANTIQUE,

DRAWN AND ETCHED

BY RICHARD DAGLEY,

AUTHOR OF "SELECT GEMS," ETC.

WITH

Illustrations in Verse

BY

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, A.M.

AUTHOR OF "CATILINE, A TRAGEDY," "PARIS IN 1815," ETC.

" Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art ;
Here chosen Gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine."— ROGERS.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.;
AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.**

1822.

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Dedicated

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR CHARLES LONG, G.C.B.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

AND TO

LADY LONG.

PERSUADED that a general knowledge of the principles on which excellence in the Fine Arts is founded will best lead to their successful practice, and to the encouragement of their professors, I am highly gratified by the permission to inscribe this little volume with names so well calculated to recommend it, and the cause it endeavours to advance, to public notice, as those of Sir CHARLES and Lady LONG.

Some of the most important of those principles are developed in the GEMS which have descended to us from antiquity: and in dedicating this Illustration of them to one of the most distinguished judges and patrons of the age, and to a Lady who unites the most delicate and cultivated taste in painting with the most powerful and characteristic execution, I feel not only that I am personally honoured, but that the British school of Art is benefited.

With these sentiments, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

SIR, and MADAM,

Your obliged and most obedient

humble servant,

RICHARD DAGLEY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume probably owes its existence to the polite interest which the gentleman, whose name is subscribed to the verses, took in some of my drawings. His offer to write a few "ILLUSTRATIONS" revived an almost extinguished desire, to appear upon a subject similar to that with which I was occupied twenty years ago, "SELECT GEMS FROM THE ANTIQUE."

In the following designs the selection has been made chiefly with a view to their capability of supplying topics for poetry, — rather as objects of taste than of virtue. The drawings are necessarily slight and unlaboured; though it is hoped that the character of the originals is preserved. Finished designs of gems are seldom found in the greater collections; for no excellence of the engraver can satisfy the eye of the antiquary — and true taste will prefer an accurate *indication*, to the studied and finished copying of forms, whose delicacy and sweetness are beyond all power of the burin.

RICHARD DAGLEY.

*Earl's Court Terrace,
Kensington.*

PREFACE.

THE following pages must confine themselves to a few leading notices of the history of engraved gems.

The sculpture of signets was, probably, the first use of gem engraving, and this was derived from the common source of all the arts—India. Signets of lapis lazuli and emerald have been found with Sanscrit inscriptions, presumed to be of an antiquity beyond all record. The natural transmission of the arts was from India to Egypt, and our collections abound with intaglio and cameo hieroglyphics, figures of Isis, Osiris, the lotus, the crocodile, and the whole symbolic Egyptian mythology, wrought upon jaspers, emeralds, basalts, blood-stones, turquoises, &c. Mechanical skill attained great excellence at an early period. The stones of the Jewish high-priest's breastplate were engraved with the names of the twelve tribes, and of those stones one was a diamond!

The Etruscans, a singular nation, whose existence is scarcely known but in the fragments of their arts, but who, on the faith of those fragments,

must take a high rank among the polished nations of the old world, have enriched our collections with gems of a compound style. Their general shape is like the Egyptian—that of the scarabæus ; and where the shape differs, the scarabæus is frequently found engraved. The subjects are chiefly Greek, but of the more ancient story of Greece : the War of the chieftains at Thebes ; Peleus devoting his hair ; Tydeus after bathing ; Theseus imprisoned by Pluto ; Perseus with Medusa's head. Capaneus struck by lightning before Thebes ; and Hercules bearing the tripod.

Gem engraving was at length adopted among the arts of Greece, and reached its perfection. The genius, which has left so many wonders in the larger sculpture, was displayed with scarcely less power in those minute works ; and if the statues of Greece had perished, the fame of her arts might have been sustained by the exquisite beauty of her gems.

The Greek school has been divided into three periods :—From the time of Theodorus, the Samian, the sculptor of the celebrated emerald of Polycrates (B. C. 740), to that of Alexander the Great ;—from Alexander to Augustus ;—and from Augustus to the fall of the empire.

The characteristics of the Greek gems are grace and vigour: the figure is drawn with remarkable precision, the attitude is elegant, and the auxiliaries are finely composed: the emblems and attributes exhibit an accuracy, which implies an extraordinary degree of historical and mythological information in the class of artists, slaves as they were during a long period of the art. The Greek gems generally exhibit the figure nude—the Roman, draped: the Greek were chiefly intaglios; and when cameos were produced, they were frequently of inferior workmanship.

A vast number of those works must have perished, but many have reached us, which make the glory of their respective cabinets. Of these are:

The Alexander and Olympias, a cameo in the Vatican, formerly in the Odescalchi collection; a work of remarkable size and beauty.

A cameo of Bacchus and Ariadne, in a chariot drawn by Centaurs. (Buonarotti.—*Medaglioni*.)

The cameos of the apotheosis of Germanicus; Agrippina and Germanicus; Ulysses, Tiberius, Hadrian, Antinoüs, &c. in the Royal collection in Paris.

The Vienna cameo of the apotheosis of Augustus, in two lines of figures, with Livia, as Rome, and

her family; Neptune and Cybele in the background.

The magnificent Sardonyx cameo, which has given rise to so much controversy among the Tristans and Montfaucons, but which is now assumed to be the apotheosis of Augustus and his family. The emperor and the princes of the house of Tiberius are at the summit of the gem, and placed among the gods. On the second line, in the middle of the stone, is Germanicus, with Agrippina and Caligula beside him. On the lowest line are the captives.

The intaglios are numerous, and of still more decided antiquity and excellence. Yet the discussions on Michael Angelo's seal, a cornelian, now in the Parisian collection, are but a single instance of the keen diligence and dubious opinions, which have been exercised on those subjects. M. Mautour (*Académie des Belles Lettres*, i. 370.) detects in it a sacrifice in memory of the birth of Bacchus; M. Rosman, (*Erlangische Anzeigen*, 1744. No. 22.) the birth of Alexander; M. Thierheim, (*Raspe. Tassie's Catalogue*,) the festival of the Panathenæa; M. Baudelot, (*Fête d'Athènes, Paris*, 1712-4.) the Puanepsia; M. Tournemine, (*M. de Trevoux, Juin*, 1710,) Alexander, in the character of the Indian Bacchus; M. de Murr, (*Bibliothèque des Beaux Arts*,

tom. i. p. 375,) attempts to prove it a copy of figures in the *plafond* of the Capella Sistina; and M. Mariette, (tom. ii. No. 54,) is resolute for reducing it to a simple Vintage;—the most probable conjecture.

The celebrated Greek engravers are enumerated by Pliny's industry; and the additional notices which can be given, are few and obscure. We have—

Of PYRGOTELES, the only engraver to whom Alexander would intrust his portrait on gems—Heads of Alexander and Phocion.

Of TRYPHON—The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche.

Of CHRONIUS—Terpsichore standing.

Of ADMON—Hercules drinking.

Of CÆNUS—Adonis,—A Faun celebrating the Bacchanalia.

Of CNEIUS—The stealing of the Palladium—A young Hercules—A Cleopatra, of singular beauty,—A Theseus, wearing the spoils of the Bull of Marathon.

Of DIOSCORIDES, (the most eminent engraver of the age of Augustus)—A Mercury with the petasus, the caduceus, and the cloak—A Diomede with the Palladium—An Io; an incomparable gem—A Head of Demosthenes—Two Busts of Augustus—A Perseus gazing on Medusa's head.

Of EPITYNCHANUS—A Bellerophon mounted on Pegasus, a cornelian, in the possession of the Chev. d'Azara—A Head of Sextus Pompey.

Of EVODUS—An aqua marine, with the portrait of Julia, the daughter of Titus and Marcia. A work admirable for the elegance of the design and the skill of the workmanship.

Those constitute but a small proportion of the names or productions of the great engravers of Greece. The art was adopted by the Romans, but with humbler skill.

On the fall of the empire, it was feebly sustained in the darkness and tumult of the barbarian ages; but under the Medici, with the general revival of literature, it revived; and Italy supplied the most famous engravers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Germany held the next place; and Kilian, entitled the German Pyrgoteles, Pikler, and Natter, are among the ablest modern artists.

The fondness of France for works on the scale that strikes the popular eye, has turned her skill from the minute beauty of gems. She has produced but few artists of reputation; and gem engraving in Paris seems to have nearly perished.

The English artists hold a high rank in collec-

tions; and Simon, Reisen, Brown, Marchant, &c. have sculptured many gems of remarkable taste, spirit, and learning.

The principal collections are foreign. Those of Italy, greatly disturbed by the French invasion, have, in some instances, changed their names and masters. Previously to that period, the most distinguished were —

The *Florentine* — founded by Lorenzo de Medici.

The *Strozzi* — in the Strozzi palace at Rome. This collection contained some of the most renowned gems: — the Hercules of Cneius; the two Medusas of Solon and Sosthenes; the Æsculapius of Aulus; the Germanicus of Epitynchanus; the Muses of Allion; the Satyr of Scylax, &c.

The *Ludovisi* — belonging to the Prince de Piombino.

The *Azara*.

The *Vatican*.

The French churches have a few fine specimens, and opulent individuals have been enabled, in the wreck of Italy, to purchase celebrated gems; but the chief deposit is in the Museum of Antiquities in Paris.

The *St. Petersburg* cabinet was formed on the collection of Natter, the artist, purchased after his

death; and subsequently increased by the Orleans collection. There are some collections of great value in the Continental Courts,—

The *Prussian Collection*, formed by the Elector Frederic William, and increased by that of the learned connoisseur Baron Storch.

The *Danish*, at the castle of Rosenburgh.

The *Orange*, at the Hague.

The *Vienna*, eminent for the beauty and size of its cameos.

The *British Museum* possesses many valuable gems, under the care of Mr. T. Combe, a scholar eminently qualified for their learned description. They deserve to be more publicly known.

The principal private English collections are those of the noble families of Devonshire, Marlborough, Bedford, and Carlisle.

The finer order of gems are seldom within the means of private purchasers; but the art of making pastes, or coloured stones, places all that constitutes the true value of the original, its story and its beauty, within the most moderate expenditure. Sulphurs and wax impressions are frequent in Italy; but the best imitations of the antique are the pastes executed by Tassie, of Leicester Square. The sculpture and tint of the gem

are copied with an extraordinary fidelity. Tassie's collection, perhaps the most complete in Europe, amounts to about fifteen thousand, and comprises *fac-similes* of all the celebrated gems.

The importance of these reliques to learned investigation, to the artist and to the amateur, to the natural and elevating indulgence felt in looking on the features of the mighty dead — deserves to make them a favourite study with the accomplished mind of England. Gems illustrate the attributes and tales of mythology, the costumes of antiquity, the fine romances of the poets, the characters of the early languages, the great historic events, and the progress of the arts: the countenances of Virgil and Mæcenas, of Cicero and Alexander, live only on gems: the Venus of Praxiteles, the head of the Phidian Minerva, the Apoxyomenos of Polycletus, that triumph of ancient statuary! are to be found only on gems: the restorations of the Venus de Medici and the Laocoon have been made from gems: they offer an endless treasure of the brilliant thoughts, and buried wisdom, the forgotten skill, and the vanished beauty, of a time when the mind and form of man reached their perfection.

The writer of these Illustrations is too fully aware

of their slightness, to expect that they will impress the public with his personal feeling of this captivating study: yet —

Μνημοσύνης καὶ Ζηνὸς Ὀλυμπίου ἀγλαὰ τέκνα,
Μοῦσαι Πιερίδες, κλυτὲ μοι εὐχομένη!

ΣΟΛ. Εἰλεγ.

The letters T. C. in the Notes, mark those gems which are described in TASSIE's *Catalogue*, by M. RASPE.





Pericles & Aspasia.



G E M S.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

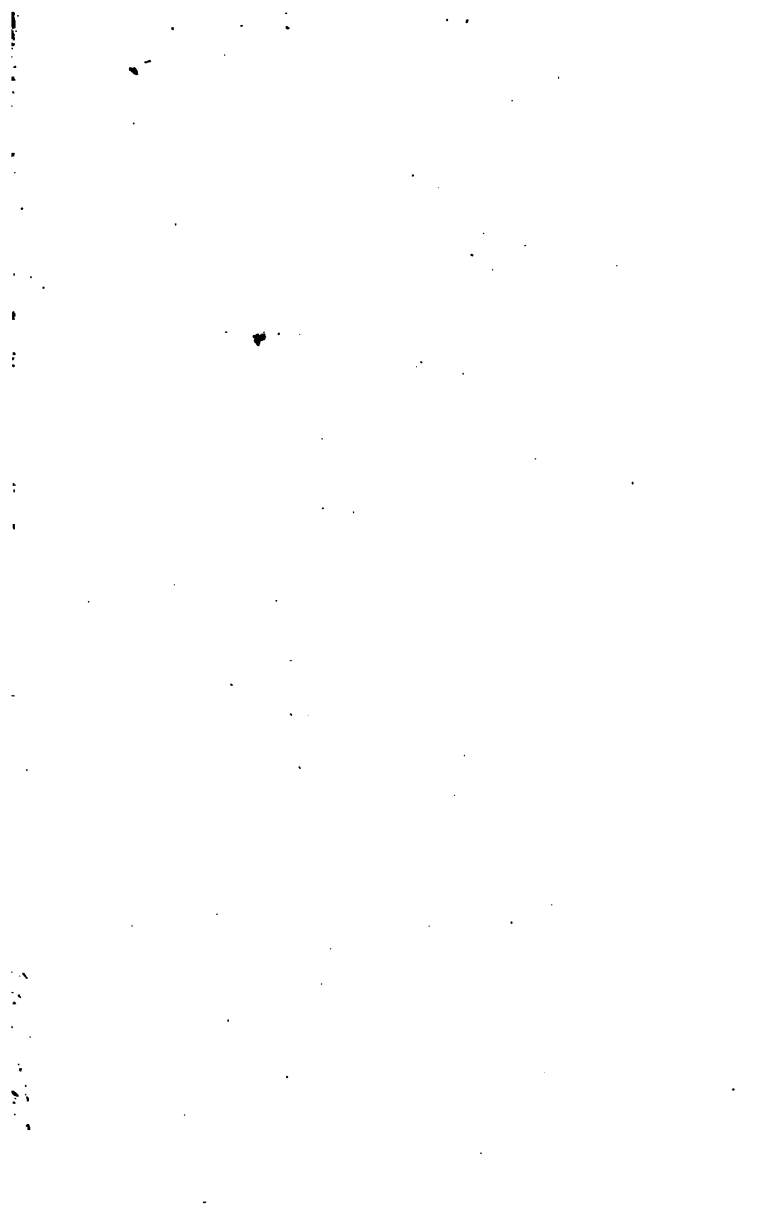
THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame:
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fether, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won;
Fear'd—but alone as freemen fear;
Lov'd—but as freemen love alone:
He wav'd the sceptre o'er his kind,
By Nature's first great title—Mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue ;
Then Eloquence first flash'd below !
Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the Thunderer's brow !
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land !

And thron'd immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime —
ASPASIA, all his spirit's bride ;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the Beauty and the Sage ;
Their crime was in their darken'd Age.

He perished — but his wreath was won —
He perished on his height of fame !
Then sank the cloud on Athen's sun ;
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die ;
Her conquest was Posterity !





The Genius of Death.



THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

WHAT is Death? 'Tis to be free!

No more to love, or hope, or fear—

To join the great equality:

All alike are humbled there!

The mighty grave

Wraps lord and slave;

Nor pride nor poverty dares come

Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king !
Empires at thy footstool lie !
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore ;
Storms shall never rouse them more !

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne !
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wond'rous band ;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died !

Earth has hosts ; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one ;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on :
Back from the tomb
No step has come ;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound !

Knew her beauty, but that could show
 Many a million for her due ;
 Through thy gates the morning flow
 Has the countless years roll'd on ;
 Back from the tomb

No step has come ;

A WOMAN

Shall did thy prisoner be unbound !
 CONTEMPLATING A HOUSEHOLD GOD.

Domestic Love ! not in proud palace halls
 Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;
 Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
 That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;
 With hum of bees around, and from the side
 Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
 Shining along thro' banks with harebells dyed ;
 And many a bird to warble on the wing,
 When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth
 doth fling.



*A Woman
Contemplating a Household God.*





O ! love of loves ! — to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key !
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's Even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee ;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed — for ever closed thy plume !

LEONIDAS.

SHOUT for the mighty men,
Who died along this shore —
Who died within this mountain glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!



Leonidas.





Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd — a storm of sword and spear; —
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
LEONIDAS! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-washed grave.
The voice that should be rais'd by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! — the surge —
The tree — the rock — the sand —
On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone,
Where Justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas,
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
GREECE shall be a new-born Star!





Castor & Pollux.



CASTOR AND POLLUX.

WHEN Winter dips his pinion in the seas,
And mariners shudder, as the chilling gale
Makes its wild music through the Cyclades;
What eyes are fixed upon the cloudy veil,
Twin Warriors! to behold your sapphire mail,
Shooting its splendours through the rifted sky!
What joyous hymns your stars of beauty hail!
For then the tempests to their caverns fly,
And on the pebbled shore the yellow surges die.

C U P I D

BREAKING THE THUNDERBOLT.

Where is, O Love ! thy nest ?
Is it in Beauty's breast,
Or in the meshes of her chesnut hair ?
Or do thine arrows fly,
Winged from her azure eye,
Or from her coral lip's delicious air,
O Love ! 'tis all the same ;
For thy subduing flame,
Alike by sunny tress and sigh is fann'd ;
And hearts, in all their pride,
Have in sweet passion died,
Ev'n at the faint touch of her snowy hand.



Cupid Breaking the Thunderbolt.





Sceptres are weak to thee,
Thou thing of infancy !
Thy childish wrath can break the bolts of Jove.
Yet deadlier is thy smile,
The spirit to beguile,
Making the tomb the bride-bed—faithless Love !

A FAUN.

SHADOW me, woods! and let your branches wave,
 Making sweet music to my drowsy ear:
 Be dim, fair Moon! and through the leafy roof
 Seem but a twinkling lamp; and every breeze
 Die on your flowery beds, until my eyes
 Yield to this pleasant heaviness!

And hark!

There is a gentle music in the air!
 The Moon is but a lamp, and the rude wind
 Has died upon the rose!—Come, gentle Dream!

* * * * *

This is Elysium! All the grove is fill'd
 With sights and sounds of wonder:—There's no tree,
 But opening lets a goddess forth; the streams



A Faun.





Send up bright shapes, that from their liliated hair
Wring out the sparkling waters; all the hills
Are starred with silver fires; the marble caves
Show through their ivy curtains sylvan lamps,
Lit by the glow-worm's torch; and airy songs
Bewitch the Night.

This is the woodland King!
And here upon his lonely throne he sits,
Entranc'd, with his sweet pipe fix'd at his foot,
And listens to the revelry,—till Morn,
Led by the gray-hair'd Twilight from her couch,
Comes, like a blushing bride, to meet the Sun!

C U P I D

CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time
Whenne the worlde was in its prime;
And everie day was holydaye,
And everie monthe was lovelie Maye.—
Cupide thenne hadde but to goe
With his purple winges and bowe;
And in blossomede vale and grove
Everie shepherde knelte to Love.

Thenne a rosie, dimplede cheeke,
And a blue eye fonde and meeke;
And a ringlette-wreathenne browe,
Like hyacynthes on a bed of snowe;



Cupid Carrying Provisions.





And a lowe voice silverre-sweete
From a lippe without deceite :
Onlie those the heartes coulde move
Of the simple swaines to love.

But thatte time is gone and paste ;
Canne the summerre alwayes laste !
And the swaines are wiser growne,
And the hearte is turnede to stone,
And the maidenne's rose maye witherre,
Cupide's fled, no manne knowes whitherre !

But anotherre Cupide's come,
With a browe of care and gloome ;
Fixede upon the earthlie moulde,
Thinkinge of the sullenne golde :
In his hande the bowe no more,
At his backe the householde store,
That the bridalle colde muste buye ;
Uselesse nowe the smile ande sighe :

But he weares the pinion stille,
Flyinge at the sighte of ille.
Oh, for the olde true-love time,
Whenne the worlde was in its prime !





Sappho.

S A P P H O.

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it, like a wreath of fire;
For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of SAPPHO's lyre!
Look on this brow!—the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were utter'd sighs,
That, more than fever, scorch'd the frame;
And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved — she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind ;
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before — behind.

And she had hope — the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul,
Then all gave way — mind, passion, pride !
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentr'd strife of Love !





Diana



D I A N A.

How like a Queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow-opening curtains of the clouds,
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne !
The stars are veiled in light ; the ocean-floods,
And the ten thousand streams—the boundless woods,
The trackless wilderness—the mountain's brow,
Where Winter on eternal pinions broods—
All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom, below,
Touched by thy smile, lone Moon ! in one wide
splendour glow.

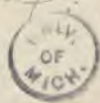
G E N I U S

BOUND.

Flow like a Queen from the lonely glen
Glorious Spirit! at whose birth
Joy might fill the conscious earth;
Yet her joy be dash'd with fear,
As at untold danger near;
A comet rising on her gloom,
Or to light her, or consume!
Beauty is upon thy brow!
Such sad beauty as the bow,
Child of shower and sunbeam, wears,
Waked, and vanishing, in tears;
Yet to its splendid moment given
Colours only lit by heaven.



Genius Bound





Thou canst take the lightning's wings,
And see the deep forbidden things ;—
With thy starry sandal tread
On the ocean's treasure bed ;
Or make the rolling clouds thy throne ;
Height and depth to thee are one !

Prophet Spirit ! thou canst sweep
Where the unborn nations sleep ;
Or, from the ancient ages' shroud
To judgment call their sceptred crowd :
Earth has to thee nor birth, nor tomb—
Nor past, nor present, nor to come.

Yet here thou sit'st, while earth and heaven
Are to thy radiant empire given.
Alas ! I see the manacle !—
And all thy soul has felt the steel ;
Thy wing of fire, thy beauty, vain—
For Genius dies beneath the chain !

BACCHUS

ON A PANTHER.

Boy of beauty rare!

With thy lip in roses dyed,

And that harmless, infant air,

Why upon the panther ride,

Boy of beauty rare?

Sweet one! is't to tell

That within thy cup is woe;

That the victim of thy spell

Passion's fiery speed shall know? —

Thou'rt an oracle!



Bacchus on a Panther.









Theseus.



THESEUS.

WHEN THESEUS left his Ariadne's side,
Young Bacchus came—at once her tears were dried!
Our widows, hence, disdain in weeds to pine,
But take another husband with their wine!

A TRITON AND NEREID.

THE day had been a tempest, and our bark,
Ploughing the surly and impetuous surge,
Had reach'd a bay in Crete. The evening fell,
Leaving the sky all painted with bright clouds,
That dyed their crimson on the glassy sea.
So, having moor'd, we lay, like men escaped,
Idly upon the poop and deck, in talk,
Such as the wanderer loves, of fearful wrecks ;
Of night surprises, where the slumbering crew
Were woke by pirate swords ; of buried gold
In the sea-chambers ; of the warnings sweet,



A Triton & Nereids





That come o' nights between the stormy gusts,
The Mermaids' melodies.

At once uprose
A tumult of rich sounds, as if the Deep
Were cleft to let them forth : then died as swift,
Leaving us breathless, gazing all perplex'd,
Like spell-struck creatures ! — But, anon, the wave
Was fill'd with wonders, wild and green-hair'd men,
With conchs for trumpets, follow'd by fair nymphs,
That show'd their ivory shoulders through the tide ;
Some, tossing spears of coral, some, pearl-crown'd,
And scattering roses — or, with lifted hands,
Reining the purple lips of dolphins yoked,
And huge sea-horses.

While we stood amazed,
A meteor shot above ; the trumpets swell'd ;
And on a sweeping and high-crested surge,
That stoop'd our pennant to its foaming edge,
Rush'd by two sovereign Shapes, hand twined in
hand,

In speechless love!—The waves around were swum
By crowding Cupids, Tritons, and sweet Nymphs,
Filling the perfumed air with harmony.

* * * * *

The pageant flash'd away, and left us dim,
Like men who had seen lightning!





Atalanta



A T A L A N T A:

WHEN the young Greek for **A T A L A N T A** sigh'd,
He might have fool'd and follow'd, till he died!
He learn'd the sex, the bribe before her roll'd,
And found, the short way to the heart is — Gold!

SILENUS

LOOKING AT A GOBLET.

WHERE is the Necromancer? Let him bring
His treasury of charms — rich syrups — herbs
Gather'd in eclipse, or where shooting stars
Sow Earth with pearl : or let him call his sprites,
Till the air thickens, and the golden noon,
Smote by their wings, is turn'd to sudden night.
This goblet's worth all magic : of its draught
Let sorrow taste, anon, the lifeless lip
Grows crimson ; sullen Poverty is rich ;
The bondsman's chain is light as gossamer ;
The lover's eye, long dim with wasting tears,
Shines brightly, and sees kneeling for a look
The tyrant beauty ; Age is warm'd to Youth ;



Silenus





**Lean Avarice hoards no more ; and crouching Fear
Stalks giant-like : the fretted brows of kings .
Forget the feverish pressure of a crown,
And taste as pleasant slumber as the slave's ;
That toils for't in the sun. The spell is — Wine !**

VENUS

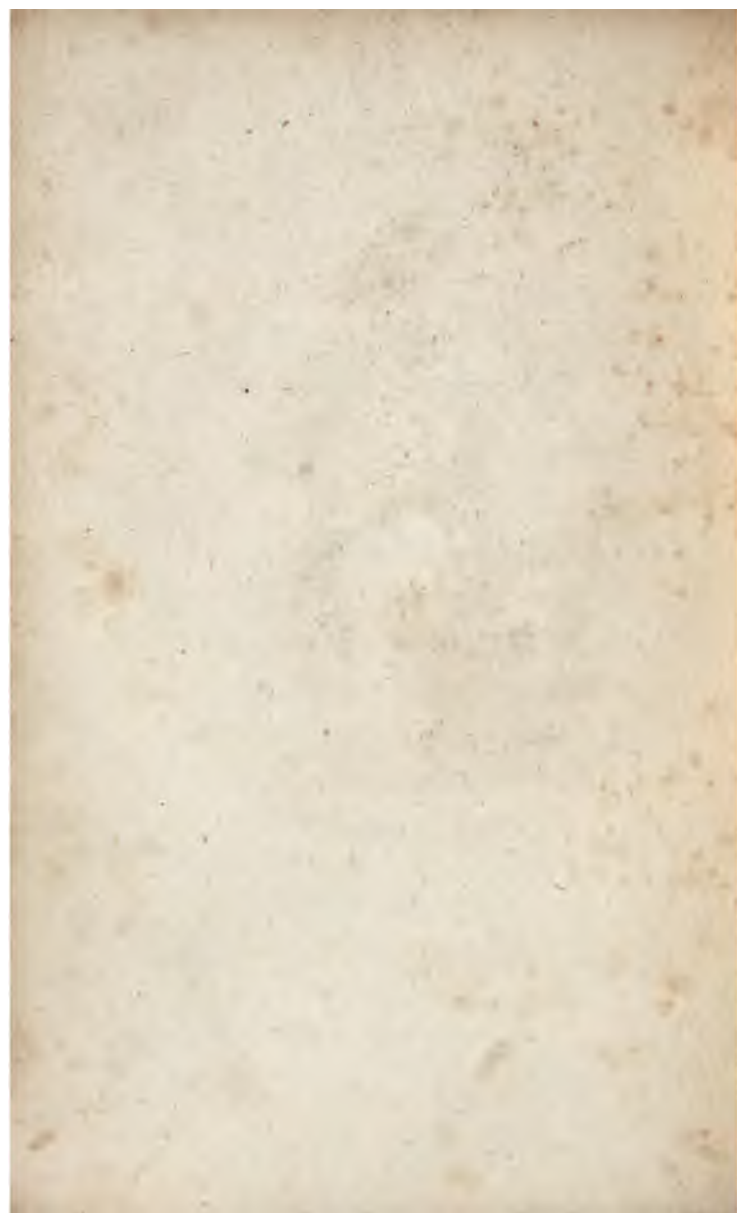
CLIPPING THE WINGS OF CUPID.

VENUS, clippe thy truante's wing: —
 For it is the deadliest thinge
 Betweene the rounde earthe and the skie.
 Not the poisonne-staines that lie
 Glisteninge in the waninge moone,
 On the slipperie serpente stone;
 Not the droppe of venome hunge
 Coldlie from the aspic's tongue;
 Not the witche's eville eye,
 As she hurries mutteringe bye;
 Nothings born of sunne or gloome,
 Is so deadlie as thatte plume!



Venus Clipping the Wings of Cupid.





For the hearte's no sooner wonne,
Than the truante Love is gone ;
Fickle as the Aprille gale.
Then the maidene's cheeke is pale ;
And the vermeile-tinctur'de lippe,
Riche as rosebuddes when they dippe
In the summerre honeye-dewe,
Dyinge, weares the lillie's hue ;
Ande, for smiles, the wearie sighe
On its beautie nowe dothe lie ;
Ande the farewelle worde is spokenne —
Ande the maidene's heart is brokenne !

F L O R A.

THE Flowers are Nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her summer beauty ; — Primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold ; enchanting Rose,
That, like a virgin Queen, salutes the Sun,
Dew-diadem'd ; the perfum'd Pink, that studs
The earth with clustering ruby ; Hyacinth,
The hue of Venus' tresses ; — Myrtle green,
That maidens think a charm for constant love,
And give night-kisses to it, and so dream ;
Fair Lily ! Woman's emblem, and oft twin'd
Round bosoms, where its silver is unseen,



Flora?





Such is their whiteness ;—downcast Violet,
Turning away its sweet head from the wind,
As she her delicate and startled ear
From passion's tale !——

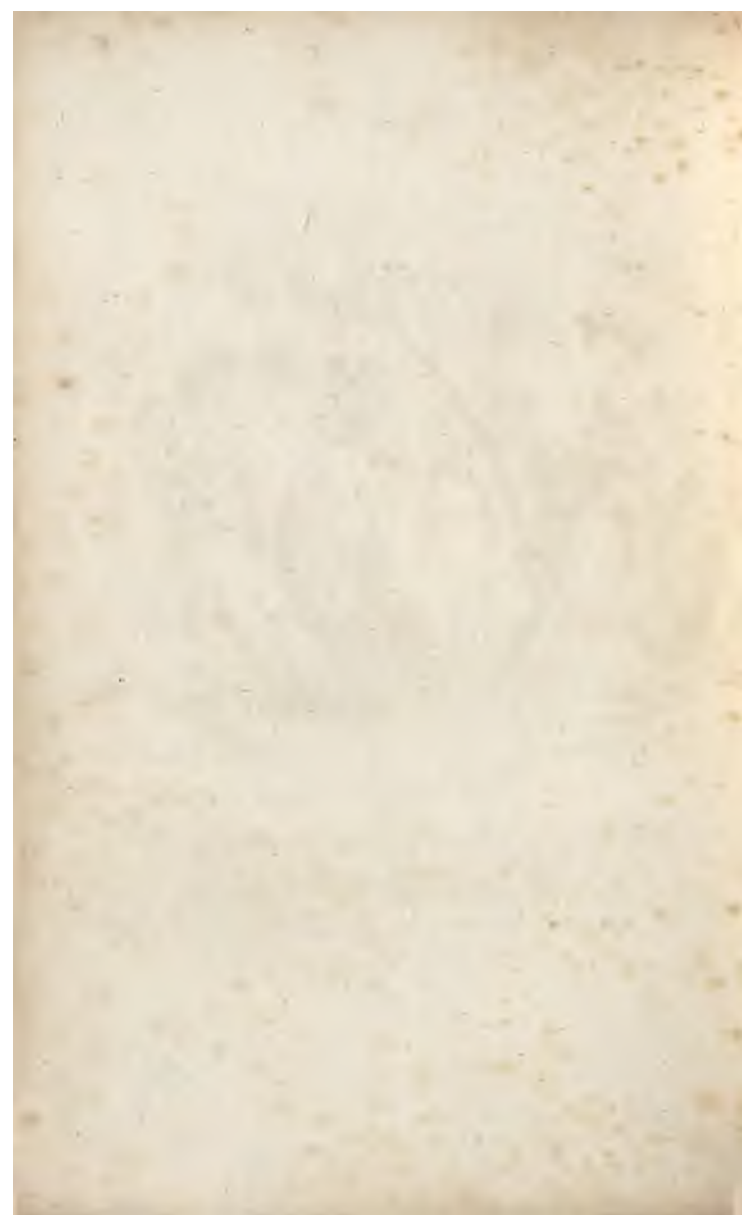
THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS.

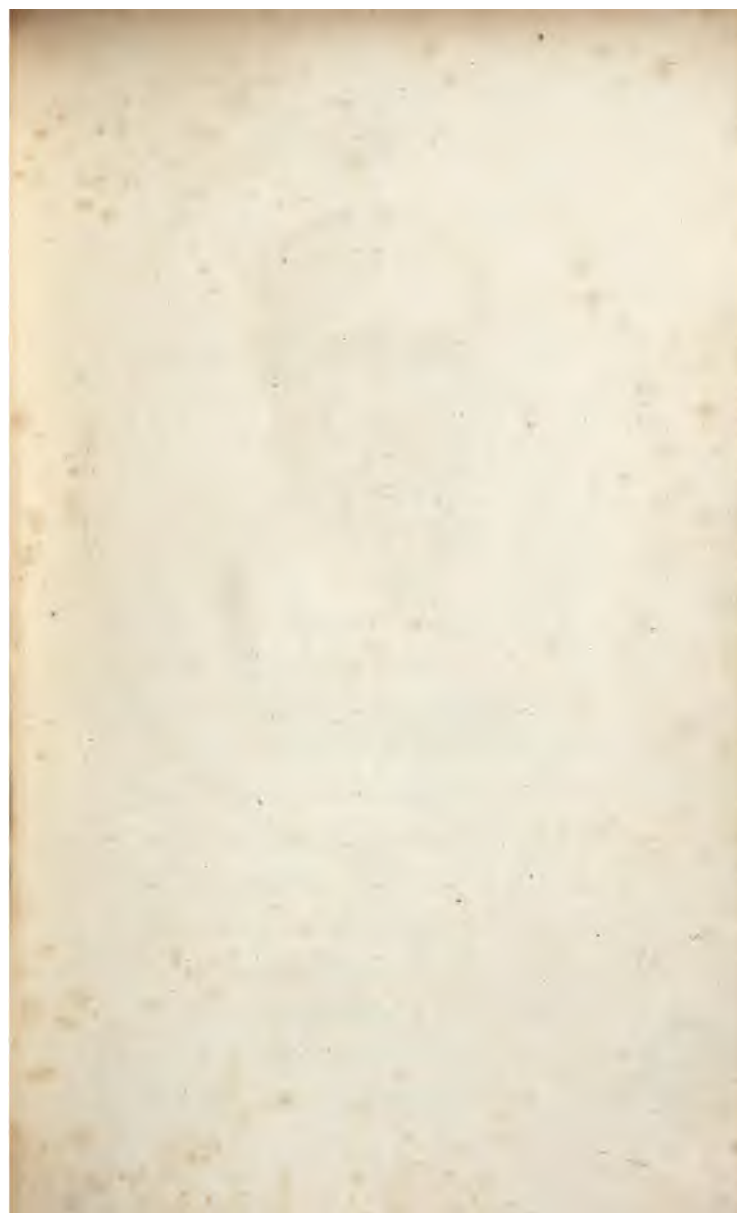
I HAD a vision ! — 'Twas an Indian vale,
Whose sides were all with rosy thickets crown'd,
That never felt the biting winter gale ; —
And soon was heard a most delicious sound ;
And to its music danc'd a nymph embrown'd,
Leading a lion in a silken twine,
That with his yellow mane would sweep the ground,
Then on his rider fawn — a boy divine !
While on his foaming lips a nymph shower'd purple
wine.



The Education of Bacchus.









Lindar



P I N D A R.

IN the grave this head was laid ; —
All its atoms in the sun
For a thousand years have play'd,
Through a thousand shapes have gone ;
Quick with life, or cold with death,
Still but withering dust and breath !
It has blossom'd in the flower —
It has floated in the wave —
It has lit the starlight hour —
It has whisper'd through the cave !
Has the spirit perish'd all ?
This was but its mouldering wall !

Fame, the prize of life, was won ;
PINDAR's mighty task was done :
Then on air his wing was cast !
Like a flame, the soul has past,
While the ashes rest below ; —
Like a trumpet's sudden blast,
Gone ! — what strength shall check it now ?
When the lightning wears a chain,
PINDAR's soul shall stoop again ! —
Yet the world has need of thee,
Man of Immortality !
Greece, — the name is lost in tears, —
Land of laurels, lyres, and spears !
Visions on that spot have birth,
Brighter than are born of earth :
In that soil of glorious strife,
Not an atom but had life,
Glow'd and triumph'd, fought, and died,
As the patriot battle's tide,
Flood of arrow, lance, and sword,
O'er the whelm'd invader roar'd.

Hear us ! from thy golden Sphere ! —
Shall the eternal sepulchre
Hide the spirit of the land ?
Shall no great, redeeming hand —
(Oh, for such as dyed her seas
In thy day, Miltiades !)
Issuing from her peasant ranks,
Smite the turban'd robber horde,
Till the chain no longer clanks,—
Till the Turkish battle, gored,
Over Helle's purple banks
In returnless flight is pour'd ; —
Till the phalanx, laurel-browed,
Like a rolling thunder-cloud,
Like a conflagration sweeping,
Of its plague-spot clears the soil ;
And no more the voice of weeping,
Woman's shame, or manhood's spoil,
Grieves the listening midnight sky ? —
PINDAR ! shall her glory die !

Shall, like thine, no godlike strain
Teach her to be great again?
Hear us, from thy starry throne
Hear!—BY THOSE IN MARATHON!

NOTES.

NOTES.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THE nature of the connexion between the celebrated Athenian and Aspasia, has given rise to much learned doubt. Pericles had been divorced from his wife, who had subsequently married; and his extraordinary deference and attention to Aspasia, the respect paid to her by his principal friends, and her own accomplishments and intelligence, have been thought to argue her marriage. On the other hand, the comic poets, the habitual satirists of the time, deny all the *beau ideal* of the connexion. The relaxed morality of paganism allowed of offences which our purer code puts out of the pale. Aspasia was a native of Miletus, the proverbial city of genius and beauty.

Pericles seems to have had faculties of the highest order for government. The man who "wielded at will the fierce democracy" for forty years, and equally mastered his capri-

cious and brilliant countrymen in the public assembly and in the field, must have had an understanding and a spirit competent to all emergencies, great decision, great intellectual activity, profound knowledge of human nature, and, in that land where all superiority was tried by public speaking, pre-eminent eloquence; a noble combination of qualities, which thenceforth were scattered, to make each the fame of some man of history. The characteristic of his eloquence was simple vigour, and that of his mind, mild determination. The title of "*the Olympian*," given to him by the Athenians, is the most expressive panegyric of his serene, lofty, and comprehensive genius. His latter days were clouded by the errors and death of his sons; but he died surrounded by the "troops of friends" that make the honour of age. His dying words deeply conveyed the magnanimous temper of his administration. "His friends," says Plutarch, "were conversing in his chamber on his high employments, his long career, and his victories, for he had erected nine TROPHIES on the Athenian soil. At this time his senses were supposed to be gone; but he heard what passed, and said, that they had enumerated things in which fortune had her share, and in which many generals had been equally successful. But they had omitted the source of his chief pride — "That no Athenian had, through his means, ever put on mourning."

The engraving is from a fine gem by Marchant. The Pericles is a close resemblance of the busts in the capitol, and in the Townleyan collection now in the British Museum. That of Aspasia is more doubtful. — *A sardonix ; intaglio.*

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

FROM a gem by Brown, on the Greek model.

A WOMAN

CONTEMPLATING A HOUSEHOLD GOD.

THIS is among the most beautiful of the antique draped figures. The execution of the gem is remarkably fine. It has been called "Calphurnia consulting the Penates on the fate of Cæsar." It is more probably a symbol of that "Domestic Affection," which the ancients exalted, almost blamelessly, into an object of divine homage. — *Amethyst ; intaglio.*

T. C.

LEONIDAS.

FROM a gem in Tassie's collection. The figure has obviously received his death-wound. — *Corneian ; intaglio.*

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

FROM a cameo. The character and action of the horses are striking ; but there are deficiencies in the general execution. The difference in the size of the "Twins" is remarkable. Their influence over tempests is an old superstition, not altogether extinguished in our day.—*Onyx.*

T. C.

CUPID BREAKING THE THUNDERBOLT.

AN emblem of the omnipotence of Love, according to the ancient conception. — *Cameo ; onyx. Florentine Museum.*

T. C.

A FAUN.

THIS subject has been described as "a young Faun thinking of some melody for his double flute." Its grace and beauty have made it a favourite with artists. In a picture by Annibal Caracci, in Mr. Angerstein's collection, it is introduced as a Faun listening to a youth playing on a Pan's pipe. The head is, however, not in

profile; and the countenance is severe, in obvious jealousy of the performer. A drawing by N. Poussin repeats the figure, as listening to the music of a boy. — From a gem in the Duke of Marlborough's collection. — *Black agate; intaglio.*

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

An ingenious emblem of the importance of wealth to love. An illustration of the old adage: "*Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.*" — From an antique gem.

SAPPHO.

THIS portrait is presumed to be authentic. It wants the energy which one might ascribe to Sappho's countenance; yet it may have been studied as an expression of her more dejected moments. It differs from the common bust of Sappho on gems; but it is an undoubted antique, and exhibits able workmanship. — *Green jasper; convex.*

T. C.

D I A N A.

THIS figure has been named Eurydice, from her pointing to her foot, where Eurydice was bitten by the serpent. It is more probably Diana, in her heavenly character. —
Cornelian.

T. C.

GENIUS BOUND.

FROM a cornelian in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, where it is called a Victory; but it is difficult to reconcile the fettered hands, and attitude of constraint and dejection, with the title.

T. C.

BACCHUS ON A PANTHER.

FROM one of Brown's finest imitations of the antique, a gem of admirable spirit and beauty. The subject was a frequent study of the Greek sculptors; and Bacchus may be traced on gems from his infancy to his triumphs and apotheosis.

T. C.

THESEUS.

THERE is some doubt as to the true application of this name. The heads of the young Hercules, Omphale, and Theseus, appear to have been classed nearly together; and it was probably sometimes a feat of art, to mingle their features, and give in one countenance the force of Hercules, the dignity of Theseus, and the beauty of Omphale.

T. C.

A TRITON AND NEREID.

THE original is a gem of great beauty. The Cupid beside the Dolphin is allegorical of the universal power of love. Connoisseurship has indulged itself in naming the principal figures Nereus and Doris. — *Amethyst. Florentine Museum.*

T. C.

ATALANTA.

THERE is a curious mixture of what may have been fact, and what must have been fable, in the history of

Atalanta. Her nurse was a she-bear. Her beauty attracted all the youth of Arcadia; but she was vowed to celibacy until she should be overcome in fleetness. The trial was formidable, for she ran, armed with a spear, by which the less expeditious lover was to die. Venus, in pity for this waste of love and life, gave three golden apples to Hippomenes, which, as the history tells, checked Atalanta's speed, until she exchanged her victim for a husband. Hippomenes and Atalanta were turned into lions by Cybele's wrath, on their bridal night.

There seems some allusion, in this romance, to the temptation in Paradise, the source of a large share of tradition and mythology.

SILENUS.

THIS figure wants the age and the intoxication of Silenus; but the conception is striking, and the original gem is of the finest order of engraving. Silenus, though degraded by the later fabulists into the vagrant head of a tribe of satyrs, held a high rank in the estimate of the old mythologists. He was declared to be *self-born*—*αυτολοχευτος*—a great prophet, like Proteus, and a transmitter of the

